CHILDREN'S CORNER.

INTERESTING READING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

"The Ruined Castle"—A Poem by Faraway Moses—A Young Knight—A Lesson in Patience—The Car Wheel Puzzle.

I BUILT a castle in boyhood days,
Far, far out on the desert
Thought,
Approached by broad and winding ways,
By my imagination wrought.
The walls were built of mighty deeds,
The roof a sheet of polished gold,
The ground was sown with flower seeds
That withered not in heat nor cold.

Ah, such a winding pleasant road
I dug around the sloping hills,
Where I could carry ev'ry load
Brought from Imagination's mills.
I had so many, many years
To make this castle all complete;
There'd be no bitter sighs nor tears,
No accidents to bring defeat.

Ah, many a day I sat in school
And built this castle, room by room;
I measured not by any rule,
It simply grew like big mushroom.
With open book before my eyes,
I saw no letters, nor the page;
My thoughts were soaring in the skies
Where dwelt my hopes of future age.

Where is that glittering castle now?
Its walls have tumbled to the ground;
And o'er its ashes I must bow,
Where all my boyhood hopes are
found.
The winding road around the hills
I could not use to draw my load;
My burden came from Duty's mills,
And Fate had built a narrow road.

This road led straight across the hills
Of bitter hardships want and toil;
I passed Imagination's mills,
All rusted for the want of oil.
And soon, where my great castle
stood,
I dug a grave, both wide and deep,
And wrote with finger dipped in blood:
"Here all my boyhood fancies sleep."

And still there is a winding road
Leads far out into misty space;
I gaze, while resting with my load,
And try the winding way to trace.
And yet, I know the path I go
Leads over all those hills so steep;
And, with my burden bending low,
I walk until I fall asleep.

—Faraway Moses.

The Car Wheel Puzzle.

"I had a question put to me the other day that I was unable to answer," said a man who stood watching a cable car go abruptly around the curve at Thirteenth street and Grand avenue.

"Here is what puzzles me: The wheels of the car are firmly fastened to the axles, and the wheels can't turn unless the axles turn. The outer rail of a curve is longer than the inner rail. Does the outer wheel turn faster than the inner wheel, or does the latter slip?"

The other man had once been in the railway business, and he quickly replied: "That's easy. If you'll examine closely you'll see that the wheels, instead of being perfectly flat on the rim, are beveled, making the outer circumference smaller than the inside circumference. When a car turns a curve it has a tendency to go off at a tangent, or in other words, to jump the track, which it would do were it not for the flange on the inside of the outer wheel, which presses closely against the rail. The rail touches the inner wheel quite a distance from the flange. The result is that the diameter of the outer wheel where it rests upon the rail is greater than that of the inner wheel. This difference in diameter equalizes the difference in the length of the curved rails. Both wheels revolve with the same speed at their axles, but the outer wheel traverses a greater distance, because its diameter from the axle to the point of contact with the rail is greater."—Kansas City Star.

A Lesson in Patience.

One of the happiest little boys I ever saw, says the Washington Star, is a cripple, and he will never walk. His lower limbs are paralyzed, and the little fellow is wheeled around in a chair made for his especial use. When I first saw him I thought how awful it must be for a 7-year-old boy not to be able to run and play like other children, and, without thinking, I asked:

"Isn't it lovely here? Don't you wish you could run and jump?"

"Yes," said the little fellow, "I might like it, but I'm happy where I am, and perhaps I'd get hurt. Little boys do."

Then I felt rebuked, and the little boy, whistling and singing in the chair, playing with whatever is given him, the minutes of the hours by which the days are told like sunbeams lighting and gladdening life's pathway, has been a lesson to me ever since I first saw him.

A Young Knight.

This story of practical benevolence is told by the Bible Reader:

It was a cold morning in early spring in Chicago. A little old man stood on the corner of Clark and Randolph streets selling newspapers.

He was thinly clad and kept trotting up and down trying to keep warm, and his voice was hoarse from cold, and passers-by could hardly hear him.

Some boys jeered and laughed at him, but one, about 13 years old, rather better dressed than the rest, after looking at him for a few moments, walked up to him and said:

"I will shout for you."

The old man thought the boy was making fun of him, but the boy began to call out:

"Times, Herald, Tribune, News," in a clear voice, which attracted so many customers, that in a little while the old man sold his stock.

He offered to pay his youthful partner, but the boy would take nothing, and went off with a smiling face.

He Was an Old Family Friend.

An old man was leading a thin old horse across the common in the northern part of the city, when a passer-by asked him where he was going.

"I'm searching for a bit of green for the poor beast," he answered.

"I'd send him to the boneyard and to the glue factory," said the other, contemptuously.

"Would you?" asked the old man in a trembling voice; "if he had been the best friend you had in the world, and helped you to earn food for your family for nearly twenty-five years? If the children that's gone and the children that's livin' had played with their arms around his neck and their heads on him for a pillow, when they had no other? Sir, he's carried us to mill and to meetin', an', please God, he shall die like a Christian, an' I'll bury him with these old hands. Nobody'll ever abuse old Bill, for if he goes afore me there are those who are paid to look after him."

"I beg your pardon," said the man who had accosted him; "there is a difference in people."

"Ay, and in horses, too," said the old man, as he passed on with his four-footed friend.—Philadelphia Times.

Necessarily Slow.

An 8-year-old San Rafael boy was being lectured on obedience last evening.

"I told you that you could play with the Wilson boys till 5 o'clock," said his mother. "Why didn't you come when I told you?"

"I did, mamma."

"Don't tell me a falsehood. Why didn't you come home at 5 o'clock?"

"I started home at five."

"Then you stopped to play on the way."

"No, mamma, sure I didn't."

"Do you expect me to believe that it took you two hours to walk half a mile? I think I shall have to punish you for telling me falsehoods."

"Honestly I started home at 5 o'clock, and came straight home."

The mother led the boy into the kitchen and took down the whip. He turned pale and tears welled up into his eyes.

"Now, sir, will you tell me the truth?"

"Ye—es, mamma; Charlie Wilson gave me a mud turtle—and I was afraid—to carry it—so I led it home."

A New Name for the Drink.

A little girl in Manchester attended a Band of Hope meeting, says the National Temperance Advocate, and, on the speaker remarking that the drink stripped homes of furniture and women and children of their clothes, she excitedly exclaimed:

"That's just what it does at our house."

On reaching home her father insisted upon sending her to the public house for drink. Arrived there, she dashed the money upon the counter and passionately asked for three penny worth of "strip-me-naked."

Flowers as an Advertisement.

A Utah railroad man advertised his road by sending a carload of lilacs to Colorado mining districts. The flowers were gathered by school children, and the car left a trail of joy and fragrance wherever it went.—Chicago Tribune.

A Copper Relic.

Joseph Lang, of Dekorra, Columbia county, Wisconsin, has a copper spear head six inches long and about one inch wide that he found on his farm. The shank end, instead of being pointed to go into a handle, was bent around so as to form a socket for the shaft.

Curious Facts.

Scientific lectures are delivered to prisoners in some English jails.

Pennsylvania's Supreme Court has decided that water consumers are not liable for charges in case impure water is furnished.

Probably the oldest timebr in the world which has been subjected to the use of man is found in the ancient temples of Egypt, in connection with stonework, which is known to be at least four thousand years old. This, the only wood used in the construction of the temple, is in the form of ties, holding the end of one stem to another.

A railroad man has compiled statistics which show that there is only one railroad passenger killed out of every 1,985,153 carried on the railways, and that for every 185,822 carried only one likely to be injured. He bases his calculations on the fatalities and casualties on railroads during the last twelve years. His figures further show that a man's chances are such that he would have to travel 4,406,659 miles before getting hurt, and go 47,588,966 miles before being killed.

"They say the biggest fish are never caught," said a fisherman. "There used to be a big striped bass that loafed around the old iron pier at Coney Island. Half a dozen men hooked him at one time and another, but they all lost him. One day a man sitting there fishing thought he'd go him sure, but the bass took a turn around a spile, the fisherman broke his line trying to clear it, and he lost him just as all the rest had done. I never heard of this bass being caught, and I dare say he's loafing around there still."

SISTER ROSE.

A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(CONTINUED.)

While he was speaking, one of his friends came up, and touching him on the shoulder, said:

"Berthelin, is that scoundrel to be allowed to go?"

The general turned on his heel directly, and beckoned contemptuously to Danville to follow him to the door. When they were well out of earshot, he spoke these words:

"You have been exposed as a villain by your brother-in-law, and renounced as a liar by your mother. They have done their duty to you, and now it only remains for me to do mine. When a man enters the house of another under false pretences, and compromises the reputation of his daughter, we old army men have a very expeditious way of making him answer for it. It is just three o'clock now; at five you will find me and one of my friends——"

He stopped, and looked around cautiously—then whispered the rest in Danville's ear—threw open the door, and pointed down stairs.

"Our work here is done," said Lemaque, laying his hand on Trudaine's arm. "Let us give Danville time to get clear of the house, and then leave it too!"

"My sister! where is she?" asked Trudaine eagerly.

"Make your mind easy about her. I will tell you more when we get out."

"You will excuse me, I know," said General Berthelin, speaking to all the persons present, with his hand on the library door, "if I leave you. I have bad news to break to my daughter, and private business after that to settle with a friend."

He saluted the company, with his usual bluff nod of the head, and entered the library. A few minutes after Trudaine and Lemaque left the house.

"You will find your sister waiting for you in our apartments at the hotel," said the latter. "She knows nothing, absolutely nothing, of what has passed."

"But the recognition?" asked Trudaine, amazedly. "His mother saw her. Surely she——"

"I managed it so that she should be seen, and should not see. Our former experience of Danville suggested to me the propriety of making the experiment, and my old police-office practice came in useful in carrying it out. I saw the carriage standing at the door, and waited till the old lady came down. I walked your sister away as she got in, and walked her back again past the window as the carriage drove off. A moment did it, and it turned out as useful as I thought it would. Enough of that. Go back now to your sister. Keep her indoors till the night-mail starts for Rouen. I have had two places taken for you on speculation. Go! resume possession of your old house, and leave me here to transact the business which my employer has entrusted to me, and to see how matters end with Danville and his mother. I will make time somehow to come and bid you good-bye at Rouen, though it should only be for a single day. Bah! no thanks. Give us your hand. I was ashamed to take it eight years ago—I can give it a hearty shake now! There is your way; here is mine. Leave me to my business in silks and satins, and go you back to your sister, and help her to pack up for the night-mail."

CHAPTER XXV.

THREE more days have passed. It is evening. Rose, Trudaine and Lemaque are seated together on the bench that overlooks the windings of the Seine. The old familiar scene spreads before them, beautiful as ever—unchanged, as if it was but yesterday since they had all looked on it for the last time.

The evening darkens in, and Rose is the first to rise from the bench. A secret look of intelligence passes between her and her brother, and then she speaks to Lemaque.

"Will you follow me into the house," she asks, "with as little delay as possible? I have something that I very much wish to show you."

Her brother waits till she is out of hearing; then inquires anxiously what has happened at Paris since the night when he and rose left it.

"Your sister is free," Lemaque answers.

"The duel took place then?"

"The same day. They were both to fire together. The second of his adversary asserts that he was paralyzed with terror; his own second declares that he was resolved, however he might have lived, to confront death courageously by offering his life at first fire to the man whom he had injured. Which account is true I know not. It is only certain that he did not discharge his pistol; that he fell by his antagonist's first bullet, and that he never spoke afterwards."

"And his mother?"

"It is hard to gain information. Her doors are closed; the old servant guards her with jealous care. A medical man is in constant attendance, and there are reports in the house that the illness from which she is suffering affects her mind more than her body."

After that answer they both remained silent for a little while—then rise from the bench and walk towards the house.

"Have you thought yet about preparing your sister to hear all that has happened?" Lemaque asks, as he sees the lamplight glimmering in the parlor window.

"I shall wait to prepare her till we are settled again here—till the first holiday pleasure of our return has worn off, and the quiet realities of our every day life of old have resumed their way," answers Trudaine.

They enter the house. Rose beckons to Lemaque to sit down near her, and places pen and ink and an open letter before him.

"I have a last favor to ask of you," she said, smiling.

"I hope it will not take long to grant," he rejoins, "for I have only to-night to be with you. To-morrow morning before you are up, I must be on my way back to Chanlons."

"Will you sign that letter?" she continues, still smiling, "and then give it to me to send to the post? It was dictated by Louis, and written by me, and it will be quite complete if you will put your name at the end of it."

"I suppose I may read it?"

She nods, and Lemaque reads these lines:

"Citizen,—I beg respectively to apprise you, that the commission you entrusted to me at Paris has been performed.

"I have also to beg that you will accept my resignation of the place I hold in your counting-house. The kindness shown me by you and your brother before you, emboldens me to hope that you will learn with pleasure the motive of my withdrawal. Two friends of mine, who consider that they are under some obligations to me are anxious that I should pass the rest of my days in the quiet and protection of their home. Troubles of former years have knit us together as closely as if we were all three of one family. I need the repose of a happy fireside as much as any man, after the life I have led; and my friends assure me so earnestly that their whole hearts are set on establishing the old man's easy chair by their hearth, that I cannot summon up resolution enough to turn my back on them and their offer.

"Accept then, I beg of you, the resignation which this letter contains, and with it the assurance of my sincere gratitude and respect.

"To Citizen Clairfait, silk-mercer.

After reading these lines, Lemaque turned round to Trudaine and attempted to speak; but the words would not come at command. He looked up at Rose, and tried to smile; but his lips only trembled. She dipped the pen in the ink and placed it in his hand. He bent his head down quickly over the paper, so that she could not see his face; but still he did not write his name. She put her hand caressingly on his shoulder, and whispered to him:

"Come, come, humor 'Sister Rose.' She must have her own way now she is back again at home."

He did not answer—his hand sunk lower—he hesitated for an instant—then signed his name in faint, trembling characters at the end of the letter.

She drew it away from him gently. A few tear-drops lay on the paper. And she dried them with her handkerchief, she looked at her brother.

"They are the last he shall ever shed, Louis; you and I will take care of that!"

(THE END.)

The Earth's Swift Motion.

Everybody knows that the earth makes one complete revolution on its axis once in each twenty-four hours. But few, however, have any idea of the high rate of speed at which such an immense ball must turn in order to accomplish the feat of making one revolution in a day and a night. A graphic idea of the terrific pace which the old earth keeps up year after year may be had by comparing its speed to that of a cannon ball fired from a modern high-pressure gun. The highest velocity ever attained by such a missile has been estimated at 1626 feet per second, which is equal to a mile in 3 1-5 seconds. The earth, in making one complete revolution in the short space of twenty-four hours, must turn with a velocity almost exactly equal to that of the cannon ball. In short, its rate of speed at the equator is exactly 1567 feet per second. This is equal to 17 miles a minute.

Mr Wilson's Table.

There is a man in Utah, John R. Wilson by name, who has played a trick on most of the governors of the different states and who is now about to reap the benefits thereof. He wrote to these different governors, asking each one for a piece of wood, of historical antecedents if possible, the same to be used in the construction of a table for the use of the new governor of Utah in his official capacity. The governors responded generously and Mr. Wilson's table contains, among other things, a piece of the "Charter Oak," a bit of William Penn's house, a slice off of the frigate Constitution and other choice bits of timber. The table has been completed and now Mr. Wilson offers it for sale to anybody who will bid enough. The stupendous audacity of the man would almost be enough to make the table a valuable curio even if there were no other associations.

You May Not Know This

It will surprise a good many people, no doubt, to learn that when a registered letter is stolen the sender has no claim on the government.

IN WOMAN'S CORNER.

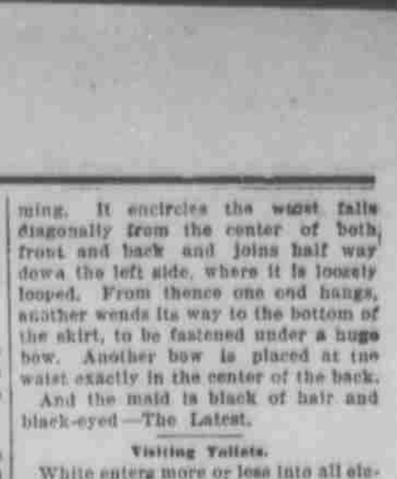
INTERESTING READING FOR DAMES AND DAMSELS.

Some of the Fashionable Dresses Seen in Town—An Old Fashioned Gown for Up to Date Maids—Notes of the Modes.

THE fashionable world has paused for a moment in its mad rush. Many of its inmates have flown to their summer quarters for a quiet spell. A few are still in town, and may be seen at the last nights of the theaters, where we can easily gain some hints of modified modes. Each day and each week brings something a little different, in spite of the fact that the early spring gave the general outlines for the year. Several typical gowns are worth mentioning. A simple, pearl-grey crepon had no trimming whatever except some bands of coarse white lace insertion inserted lengthwise in the loose bodice. The insertion was fastened to the crepon beneath silver paillette trimming, and white satin peeped from beneath it. A white satin ribbon collar and a silver belt finished the costume. Another more elaborate costume was worn by a sweet-looking blonde, with a black hat that sat on the side of her head like a bird ready for flight. Black India silk, sprayed with white, was the material used. The Swiss peasant's yoke was of white, and over it the material crossed in surplice fashion. To further this effect, what seemed to be the ends of a fichu fell over the skirt from each side of the waist. The bell-sleeves emitted clouds of white lace, almost concealing the hands. A bertha of green velvet was worn over a soft-puffed bodice of cream chiffon, with sleeves that were shirred to the arm above the elbow, and were fulled into extravagant flounces on the lower arm.

An Old Fashioned Gown.

Fun is always to be had in an "Answers to Correspondents" column.



that will make round folds instead of sharp ones. These white girdles are also worn with bodices of gauze or mousseline de soie, which are innumerable. Those more conspicuous are of mauve, green, straw or have mousseline, made over a fitted lining of white satin. Plaid and flowered gauzes are used in the same way.

Decidedly brilliant colors are not so much worn as they have been. Some

Visiting Toilets.

White enters more or less into all elegant costumes. It is almost unnecessary to speak again of the vogue that lace is enjoying. There is hardly a gown for woman, girl or child that has not lace somewhere about it, either as application, collarette, pelerine, collar, jabot, cravat or trimming. White satin belts are also a feature of the season. They are sometimes wide, sometimes narrow and are draped or crossed as the figure of the wearer dictates. They accompany not only white gowns, but those of gray, green, blue, rose and mauve. For draped and wrinkled belts a very soft silk or satin is required.

A NEW IDEA IN MILLINERY.

None, however, furnishes quite the amusement afforded by English periodicals when, in response to queries, they advise readers to take numerous dresses with them for wear in New York, as that city is quite up-to-date in fashions. They fail to conclude by saying that it might be well to delay purchasing these garments until reaching New York, since the American

taste in dress far exceeds that of the Englishwoman.

This applies mainly to summer dress, for in it the American girl secures a sprightly touch entirely lacking in the severe lines of English garments.

Take a dress to be worn at a Newport hop. The material is old-fashioned dotted muslin, made over a yellow silk slip. The round bodice is very full, cut low and round about the neck, and is almost concealed by a fall of wide lace.

Big yellow bows at the shoulders conceal the commencement of ribbon straps to hold the sleeve puffs. Ribbon is again introduced in the skirt trimming. It encircles the waist falls diagonally from the center of both front and back and joins half way down the left side, where it is loosely looped. From thence one end hangs, another wends its way to the bottom of the skirt, to be fastened under a huge bow. Another bow is placed at the waist exactly in the center of the back.

And the maid is black of hair and black-eyed—The Latest.

The sketch illustrates a visiting costume. The godet skirt of black taffeta is covered with a second skirt of black mousseline de soie, embroidered with large roses. The fitted bodice of black taffeta is covered and draped with embroidered mousseline. The belt of black satin is tied at the side and the collar is also of black satin. Black satin ribbons are arranged obliquely upon the bodice, terminating in coques. The sleeves of black taffeta are covered and draped with black embroidered mousseline and have black satin bracelets and frills of white lace.

Household Hints.

Mice love pumpkin seeds, and will be attracted to a trap baited with them when they will pass by a piece of meat.

A thin coating made of three parts lard, melted with one part rosin, and applied to stoves and grates, will prevent their rusting during the summer.

Cream or milk that has turned but is not soured may be made sweet by stirring into it one teaspoonful of carbonate of magnesia to each quart of milk.

The best way to remove sand and grit from small fruit, when washing is necessary, is to lay the fruit loosely in a clean basket, and dip the basket into fresh, clean water.